

## Poetic Fragments - poetry by Mary Louise Evans

Mary Louise Evans, a graduate of Douglaston High School, was an athletic and gifted individual. She liked to sing songs, take long walks, and ride her motorcycle. Mary Louise had a lot of friends, and was a social creature who was also a skillful salesperson. She moved to Boulder, Colorado, and died in a motorcycle accident while on her way to work around daybreak. This is a small legacy of poetry, mainly fragments, that she left behind, in her correspondence, on pieces of paper, that are now made available to the world. She will be missed by those who remember her.

### To Mom

Thank you for having been there  
For me when I was too small  
To be out on my own  
You showed me the road  
While protecting me  
From things I was too young  
To know about just then.

We live in Colorado.  
I work at the store.  
We take our bikes out.

The waterbed store is fine.  
We're out before dawn.  
Boulder is where we are.  
You are not here.

Our garden grew  
Inside the toilet tank -  
We laughed until we cried.

I had a beer  
We'd been together before  
By the fireplace  
Quiet nights - alone.

I waited for you  
While snowflakes fell  
Like a dusting of sugar  
On our sweet love bed.

We were too tired again  
To get to work by dawn  
So we slept under the stars  
To wake up at the 3 am frost.

Saturday - planting flower bulbs  
While the sun rose to a climax  
You drifted over to me, beer in hand  
Lazily doing more in an hour  
Than I had done all morning.

### Hugs and Kisses

X's and O's...  
Tic-tac-toe...  
The games we played as children.

Hugs and kisses -  
X's and O's -  
The things we do as adults.

I wrote you a letter  
Leaving you this legacy  
Never to be stamped or mailed.

### Neither Emily Dickenson nor Charlotte Bronte Could Save Me

My long dress hung on the rack -  
Neglected for so many months, it faded.  
Some say sun fades fabric -  
It waited for a dinner, a tea, a reading.

My poor, orphaned dress, alone -  
I took it out in the sun to see it.  
Washed it a bit and let it fly -  
Summer breezes brought it back a bit.

I walked to church on Sunday  
Neither Emily Dickenson nor Charlotte Bronte could save me  
I wore the dress while ambling, to sit.  
To give alms, thanks, and praise.